

Christian Secretary.

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"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE CHURCHES."

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TERMS.

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For the Christian Secretary.

My Father.

BY MRS. S. EMILIA PHELPS.

"He is an angel now, And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise, All darkness wiped from his refulgent brow, Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from his eyes, Victorious over death, to him appear The viatic joys of Heaven's eternal years. Morn."

When a disenthralled saint, beloved of God, ascends to his eternal abode, let it be at what time or place it may, or under whatever outward circumstances, that hour must be to him altogether glorious. If the celestial convoy first open to his view amid the wild howlings of winter's midnight tempest, or in the sweet beauty of a summer twilight; whether he first rise in aerial pinions amid the melody of rejoicing birds, the odor of breathing flowers, the soft flow of glittering streams, and the far richer music of loving voices; or whether about him are only grim shapes of gloom and desolation, and all the forms of this world's most dismal and forlorn scenes—all is the same to him whose radiant eye is already unclosing on celestial glories, and whose ear is catching the swelling strains of heavenly harmonies. A heavy atmosphere has no power to weigh down his soaring spirit, or oppress the outstretched wing, now wafting upward by assisting gales from Paradise.

But to the weepers about his couch, there is a difference. If the last sigh of the beloved goes out amid the thunder of a roaring tempest, in outward darkness and gloom, that soul-rending hour may shut down upon their sinking hearts, with a weight more crushing, and a darkness more rayless, because of the outward desolation. But if all nature presents an aspect whose loveliness seems to afford some faint shadow of the world in immortal beauty,—does it not seem less difficult to imagine the upward flight of the departing?

It was an unspeakably glorious night when my now transfigured Father ascended in blessedness. As I turned from that still bed of death where he lay, now for the first time unmoved by my bitter complaints and tears of anguish, no tones of soothing tenderness responding to the outbursts of grief and desolation; as I gazed upward to the vast clear dome above, with what strange, new light those pure ether dwellers encountered my sad eyes. They were glittering in that brilliance so peculiar to a clear winter night, and in contrast to the powerful excitement which had been preying upon my spirit, twinkled with a light so calm, peaceful, and holy, that as I gazed the tumult in my bewildered soul seemed in some measure soothed by the quiet and the thoughts of grandeur and sublimity which their majesty inspired.

How few hours since, and save the difference due to such a parent, he was my dear companion. Surrounding us were the same familiar scenes, we sat at the same board, and gathered at the same hearth. But now as I gazed with awe at those bright heavens whether this beloved one had arisen, how immense appeared the change! Of that dear friend with whom I had a few hours since conversed in such familiarity, I could not now think but with dim and mysterious awe. Already was he too glorious for me to behold, already had he passed into a state and found companions of whose untold blessedness my dark, yearning mind could form but vague, misty conceptions.

We may rejoice in deeming our loved ones heirs of the Almighty when the voice of health is heard in our dwellings, when the sunshine of their presence makes light about us, and the echo of their glad tones rings through the joyous chambers of our hearts. But let that light go out in darkness,—let but our own desolate mournings sound in the silence of those hushed voices,—and then try to conceive the value of that hope which whispers that the believer shall never die!

When that vague messenger of gloomy power first visits our hearths and fireside altars, what a new epoch in life! We gain a sort of acquaintance with this dread sunderer of human ties, and all his grim retinue—

"The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,"

come to us under an entirely new aspect. They seem to become matters of our own household. We have there beheld that strange, repelling object, a human corpse, with the sunken eye, the hollow hue, and the awful stillness of those cold, rigid limbs; and have deeply, tenderly loved it, in all

its robe of gloom and horror—in all its ceremonies of humility and ruin.

We may lose beloved friends at a distance and think we mourn; but tell me nothing of bereavement till it has entered thine own abode, made vacant a conspicuous seat at the fireside where thou must evermore behold desolation, hushed a voice in morning and evening orisons, and written deserted—left—on the daily ride or walk.

Dear young friend, hast thou lost a kind, tender-hearted, noble Father, who was ever from thine earliest breath thy guide and guardian, the director of study, the adviser in all joy or grief? Was he one who taught the way of access to that great Father in Heaven, who pointed to the Redeemer in the moment of thy soul's bitterness, and prayed with all his heart of love that thy faith fail not, after thou hadst in weakness and fear entered the visible fold? Then know you what death signifies, and O let this sad knowledge give a new impetus to that sweet, animating exhortation,—
"Be ye followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

Kirwan to all Roman Catholics.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—In closing these letters, as with the two series hitherto published, I turn from Bishop Hughes to you. Many of you have not been uninterested readers of my letters; nor of the controversy, so far as it has assumed that character, between Bishop Hughes and myself. And while the prejudices of education, and your respect for official station, would naturally lead you to take sides with him, I am thankful to know that the generous impulses of many of you, and your desire to know the truth, have led you to resolve that I should have fair play. I have appeared before you with no crosses before my name—with no ecclesiastical title after it—making no flourish of trumpets from the places of brief authority, and with the one simple desire to unfold before your eyes the religious system which has oppressed your fathers, and which in its ceremonial exactions has become too heavy for the earth any longer to bear. And I am thankful that so many, educated as you and I were in our youth, have been led by these letters to seek the religion of Christ and of the Bible among Protestants. And whilst there are many of you whose minds, through priestly interferences, have been so imbued with prejudices as to repel all approach to you, however kind, with the lamp of light, yet this is by no means the case with you all. To this latter class, the intelligent and candid of your number, who, in this free land, are determined to think for yourselves, I now appeal.

The history of my "Letters to Bishop Hughes" is a very short one. Whilst yet in my minority, and nearly 30 years ago, I left the Roman Catholic Church. Motives that I now need not detail, led me to write those letters in which I have stated the reasons which have induced me to give up the religion of the priest for that of the Bible. To these letters Bishop Hughes attempted an indirect reply in ten letters; and broke down in the midst of the discussion at the commencement of last Lent. As these had nothing in them to answer my objections or to satisfy my inquiries, you asked for something else. Hence the letters entitled "Kirwan Unmasked," in which, after abuse without stint or sense, and without answering one solitary objection he again breaks down at the close of the sixth, and flees to Halifax. And this my third series, which I now bring to a close, is designed as a reply to those addressed by him to "Dear Reader," and to me, Kirwan.

The history of the Bishop in the concern is about as short. When my letters first appeared, he could not descend to answer them! He then commenced answering without reading them! and without meeting an objection stated by me, he broke down with the tenth letter. When goaded by Catholics and Protestants, until he could stand it no longer, he resolved on a direct answer to my objections; and again he broke down at the close of the sixth letter, without answering one of them. Thinking that it would answer all his purposes with you to abuse me, he writes his six wonderful letters, which deserve a place in the museum as a specimen of the controversial taste and ability of popish priests, and again breaks down, and flees beyond seas to hide the shame of his nakedness! How high his calculations on the strength of your prejudices, and on the weakness of your common sense! Having usurped the power of thinking for you, he takes for granted that any kind of episcopal nonsense will satisfy you! But he is mistaken; as multitudes of you declare that his silence would be far better than what he has said, and would have inflicted less injury on Popery in this country.

Such being the history of the letters, look for a moment at the state of the controversy. There, in my first and second series, lie my objections to the Roman Catholic Church, abused from Maine to Mexico, but unanswered. And I defy Bishop Hughes, and all his mitred brethren, on this continent, to answer them on Scriptural and common

sense principles, to the satisfaction of any reasonable man. The bishop has published ten letters giving his reasons for adherence to the Roman Catholic Church, out of whose pale there is no salvation. These reasons I have shown to be more and miserable assumptions, and utterly insufficient to justify the faith or the practice of any living man. Bishop Hughes would not ask your note for a dollar, had he no stronger reasons for asking it than those which he has given to bind you to the Catholic Church; and if he should so impose upon you as to secure your note for no stronger reasons, you might sue him for taking from you your money under false pretences, and send him, if not to purgatory, at least to prison, to atone for his crime.

Such, then, is the state of this controversy. There lie my objections to popery unanswered. Let Bishop Hughes answer them, if he can. There are his reasons for adherence to the Catholic Church confuted. Let him reconstruct his argument if he can. And all that he has yet done is, to abuse me in a way unbecoming a bishop, for first riddling his building, and then taking away its foundations. And because the hopes of his gain are gone, he and his priests, were it in their power, would serve me as Paul and Silas were served in Philippi by the masters of the damsel out of whom they cast the spirit of divination. But we are in a free country.

Roman Catholics, from this man and his miserable system, I now turn to you.—Read the ten letters which I have reviewed, and see how weak are the arguments for popery! Read the six letters addressed to me, and see how low your bishop can descend! If John Hughes is the Achilles of popery in our country, what must the soldiers under him be! And will you longer sustain a religion the strong objections to which he cannot meet; and the reasons for adherence to which as given by himself are not strong enough to hold up the spiders most attenuated web? Behold him twice coming to the rescue of your church, and twice turning his back without even an effort to spike a single gun aimed at its vitals! Can the system which he cannot defend be worthy of your support? Can the captain who deserts his post in the heat of battle be worthy of the commission he bears?

Read his ten letters, if their dullness will permit you, and examine their principles. What an argument for a religious despotism of most grinding and enduring character! The pope is the successor of Peter; and you have no hope of heaven but in connection with the pope! Be as good, as pious, as charitable, as godlike as you may, you are out of the way of life, unless you submit to the pope, and then to all his subalterns! You have no right to form an opinion of your own; the pope, bishops and priests are appointed to think for you! Without a license, such as they give in Ireland for selling whiskey, you have no right to read the Bible; the priests will do all that for you, and tell you what is in it that concerns you! To God your Father you have no right to go save through a priestly intercessor; who for a fee to suit your circumstances will transact all your business at the court of Heaven! All you do you must tell to the priest; and thus you give him a power over you by which he can whip you into the traces whenever you dare to think for yourselves! If the letters of Bishop Hughes are true, then, the priests of the papal church are a close corporation with the pope at their head, with the keys of life and death in their hands, and thro' whom alone God exercises spiritual dominion in our world! What a fearful despotism is this, infinitely more oppressive than any civil despotism which has ever cursed the world! It meets you at your entrance into life—it dogs you through every step of your earthly pilgrimage—it stands by at the bed of death, claiming the power of opening heaven to your soul when it escapes from its clay tabernacle, or of locking it up in hell! From the cradle to the grave you must only do as it ordains at the risk of all the joys of its wrath! And this is popery; yes popery, as advocated and practised in the city of New York by Bishop Hughes! With what noble consistency can he raise his voice in Vauxhall against the oppression of Ireland by England, and subscribe his money to buy a shield for the back of the sham patriots who by their shameful blustering and cowardly conduct have made Irish patriotism a subject of merriment throughout the world; and then vindicate a code of religious despotism in comparison with which that of Russia is freedom; and then slich from the pockets of the poor, ignorant, credulous, but noble-hearted and generous Irish, the money they have earned with the sweat of their brow, to purchase for them chains, and to pay priests for riveting them on their limbs! Roman Catholics, will you submit to a despotism which thus degrades, dupes, and robs you? Irish Roman Catholics, so eager to burst the chains with which England has bound the land of your fathers, will you submit to wear a yoke like this? Sons of noble sires, whose blood and bones fatten and whiten every field in Ireland by struggles to break the British yoke, will

you, in a land of light and freedom, like Russian serfs, wear a yoke like this? Will you permit a close priestly corporation, without any sufficient motive save to increase their corporate property, to assume over you the power of God—and to bind to their girdle the keys of heaven—to enter your family and to regulate your meat and your drink—if a servant in a protestant family, to place you there as a spy, and to forbid your enjoying its religious privileges—to think for you—on every hand to surround you with infinitely ramified and potent influences which are sleepless in their efforts to keep around your neck the yoke of servitude and to prevent your emancipation into that liberty with which Christ makes his people free? Thousands in this land, and tens of thousands through all the earth are casting it aside as too heavy longer to be borne; will not all of you do the same? Will you be content to be slaves in a country of freedom, slaves to papal priests, the most degrading of all slavery—when it is only for you firmly to resolve, and you are at once spiritually, as you are civilly, free. Fling the flag of your spiritual freedom to the free winds of heaven, and let your watch words be God, the Bible, Liberty, and unborn generations will rise and call you blessed.

Irish Roman Catholics, I am not so destitute of all sympathies with you, and with our father-land beyond the waves of the Atlantic, as Bishop Hughes would make you believe. I sympathize with you here in that degradation to which the religion of the priest has reduced you. I deeply sympathize with our lovely country at home and our noble countrymen, so deeply degraded, and mainly by the same cause. I renewedly charge upon popery the low social level to which Ireland has been reduced, and the social degradation of her children in all the lands of their dispersion.—It is popery that has made her sons and daughters, in so many instances, hewers of wood and drawers of water. And my sympathies with you and for you, more than all other causes, have given existence to these letters. As I early predicted, the bishop rings changes on my apostasy—charges me with desertion—leaves the argument for the man—and in every way, save by reason and argument, seeks to vilify my name, so as to diminish my influence with you. In this he is joined by his priests.—But this is simply the conspiracy of the wolves ravaging the fold to induce the sheep to turn a deaf ear to the voice of the shepherd who sounds the alarm. Their craft is in danger, and hence their wrath. I here assert, before heaven and earth, that you are grievously imposed upon by your priests; that for the sake of your money they daily practice upon you impositions such as should brand them as impostors—that they traffic in souls and make a gain of godliness; and that, instead of your veneration, they are worthy only of your rejection. And for the evidence of all this, I need only point you to the monies which they drain from you by their senseless masses, by their extreme unctions, by their charms, and relics, and penances, and purgatorial deliverances, and by the thousand and one ways in which they show their sympathy for the sheep by fleecing them of their wool. And hence the hue and cry against me by your priests, because I plainly and fearlessly tell you of these things.

Nor am I, Roman Catholics, the profane infidel which your bishop would make me out to be. If there were no alternatives for me but to believe what he teaches, I would be again compelled to shoot the gulf of infidelity, and to build my hopes for the future upon the dim twilight instructions of natural religion. What would I not believe sooner than that man can create God! But even were I an infidel vulgar as Paine, bitter as Voltaire, eloquent as Gibbon, would that be any reason why my objections to popery should not be answered? Did not Porteus answer Paine? Did not Campbell confute Hume? And, even if an infidel, why should not Bishop Hughes answer my objections? The reason is not in my infidelity, but in his inability. He is unable to answer them. But I am not an infidel. I believe in the Bible. I believe in the religion of Jesus Christ. It is the source of all my comforts here, and the foundation of all my hopes for the future. I believe in the divinity, the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ, and in the efficacy of that atonement to save all, without money and without price, who rest solely upon it. "He that believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ," if there was not a pope or priest upon earth, "shall be saved." This is my faith; and it is to this simple, efficacious faith—the faith of the prophets, apostles, martyrs, fathers, confessors, of all ages and of all countries—of the true catholic church in all its ministers and members, that in my soul, I desire to win you.

Truth, and not mitres, crosses, unmeaning ceremonies, priestly vestments, solemn farces, is the only thing worthy of your love and reverence. Buy the truth, and sell it not. Dig for it as for hid treasures. This is the pearl of great price; and, if necessary, sell all that you possess to purchase it. Popery is the religion of children, of low civilization;—Christianity is the

religion of men, and of high civilization, where the virtues and graces most flourish. Dare to be Christians. Your attachment to popery only benefits the priest; Christianity will enrich yourselves. Dare to be Christians. The night is far spent; the day is at hand. O be children of the day. Fear God, and then the wrath of the priest inspires no more terror than do the gentle whisperings of the evening zephyr.

Praying with all prayer for your deliverance from the degrading and grinding despotism of popery, and for your full emancipation into the glorious liberty of the gospel, I am, with all the sympathies of my Irish nature,

Yours,

KIRWAN.

Marvellous Light.

Men, at their first conversion, says Charnock, receive the grace of God with astonishment; for it is *thaumaston phos*, wonderful light, (1 Pet. ii. 9,) most amazing at the first appearance; as the nations that want the sun for some months in the winter, are ready to deify it, when it appears in their horizon; for the thickness of the foregoing darkness makes the lustre of the sun more admirable.

But the light into which the converted man is called, is wonderful, not only chiefly because it is new, but because of the wonderful and glorious objects it brings to view. It enables him to behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord—not the glory which shines in the face of Jesus Christ, and is displayed in the wonderful plan of salvation. It enables him to look at the things that are not seen—things too glorious for the natural eye to behold. It penetrates the valley of the shadow of death, dispels its darkness, and reveals to the admiring view the New Jerusalem, with its walls of precious stone, its gates of pearl, its streets of gold, and its immortal and blessed inhabitants. Its first entrance to the mind is as the morning twilight; but it "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The word of God is that light, and the renewed heart is the eye that beholds it.—As sanctification progresses, fuller rays are poured into the mind. When that work is finished, and it enters within the veil, it stands within the light of perfect day.

Desiring a Revival.

The desire for a revival of religion throughout the land, is felt by Christians of all evangelical denominations. But it wants energy. It is a desire that needs cherishing until it shall kindle to a flame. On this head, Zion's Herald thus urges its readers:

Intimations of a revival of the work of God begin to reach us again from several quarters; may they prove but drops before the shower. Never, perhaps, has there been a period in which we needed more Christian watchfulness and steadfast fidelity to our religious duties. Immense agitations are tossing the public mind, and diverting it from the more sober interests of religion. The rapidity of our intercourse with the old world—affording us weekly arrivals—has brought its great interests intimately home to us, and furnishes an absorbing occasion of public excitement. But above all, the political crisis at hand is heaving with its approaches the whole land. Christian men owe duties to their country; we would not have them neglect of these duties, especially of that momentous responsibility, the elective franchise; we believe, even, that the moral sentiment of the country should have much more to do with the powers of citizenship than it has hitherto had. But who can deny the tendency of such excitements as now prevail about us, to deaden the zeal and spirituality of Christian men? It need not be so; but to counteract the baleful liability, increased devotion to our religious duties is requisite. Use, then, Christian brother, faithfully and manfully use your powers as a citizen for what you deem the true welfare of your country, but slacken not an iota your religious duties, whether private, domestic, or public. The first omission will lead to others; be determined then that the first shall not occur; or if it has occurred, be determined that it shall forthwith be repaired. Go further even, and if possible, while these dangerous times last, be found often, or than ever prevailing with God in your closet. Take care of your soul and the souls of those committed to your trust, whatever becomes of your party, or even your country; for both of these must pass away and be among the things that were, but are not; but your soul and the souls of those dependent upon you, will survive the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

Why God Waits for Sinners.

If it be asked, why God thus keeps silence; I answer, because this life is a season of probation and trial. Men are placed in this world that they may show what is in their hearts, and thus discover their true characters. In order to this, it is necessary that they should be left in some manner to themselves; left at liberty to act as they

please. It is evident that if the good were always openly rewarded and the wicked visibly punished here; if the thunder always rolled, and if the lightning always flashed to blast the sinner at the very moment in which he sinned, this life would not be a state of trial. Men would be so much under the influence of a slavish fear that they would not act as they pleased; and consequently would not make a discovery of their true character. It is evidently no time to discover whether a servant is faithful or unfaithful, while he feels his master's eye is upon him. If we would know his true character, let his master withdraw for a while, and leave him to himself, and it will then be seen whether he is an eye servant or not.

Precisely in this manner God deals with mankind. He sets before them in the work of creation, sufficient evidence of his existence and perfections; he lays them under obligations to love and thank him by the blessings of his providence; he clearly describes their duty, and gives them directions for its performance, in his word; he places conscience in their breasts, as an observer and monitor, and then, wrapt up in his own invisibility, sits silent and unseen, to notice and record their conduct. His eyes run through the earth, beholding the evil and the good; he is present in all the scenes of business and amusement; he comes with sinners to his temple on the Sabbath; goes with them to their habitations when they return; is with them when they lie down and when they rise up; and follows their steps through the day; but however they may provoke him, still keeps silence.—Thus he is prepared to bring every secret thing into judgment, as he has told us he will do at the last day. Even now he hears my words and reads my thoughts; his adamant pen is in motion to record them; and it will be found when he judges the secrets of men hereafter, that not one thought or feeling has escaped his notice.—*Payson's Sermons.*

Will there be Flowers in Heaven?

BY MISS C. W. BARBER, ALA.

Where is that radiant shore? Shall we not seek it and wear no more?

MRS. HEMANS.

I sat alone in my school room. The little busy beings who sat about me all day had taken their dinner baskets upon their arms, and trudged off over the hills, in the paths which led to their several homes.

My desk was strewn over with withered wild flowers. Some were the offerings of infantile hands, while others had been brought in by the botanical class for analysis. In the recitation of that class, I had dwelt for a longer time that night than I was wont, upon the beauty of the vegetable world, and the goodness and wisdom of its Creator. I spread before them the beautifully tinted corolla of the field-lily, and showed them its thread-like stamens crowded with golden anthers, and its curious pistils. From another wild flower, I drew the delicate and nicely notched calyx, and explained to them its various uses, and asked if man with all his boasted powers, had ever planned or executed any thing one half as lovely.

I turned over the pages of God's holy Word, and read a description of the riches of Solomon, "who yet," I continued, "in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." If it is out of our power to make anything as beautiful as the flower we crush under our feet at every step, should we not be humble?

A breathless interest pervaded the little group. "Are there flowers in Heaven?" inquired Frances, a bright little girl near me. "All is beautiful there," I replied "and if flowers can add anything to the beauty of the golden courts, we shall surely find them." "Oh!" said she, "I hope the angels will wear wreaths of them; I am sure I shall love better to look upon them, and to hear them sing."

These were among her last words, as I parted from her that evening. The next day Frances was not in the accustomed seat. I inquired for her, and they told me she was not well. I never saw her again. A few days after, her coffin passed my window, covered with a black pall, and followed by a train of mourners. I watched them, until they disappeared in the circuitous road which led to the village graveyard, and then I turned away with a sigh and said, "Yes, Frances, there are flowers in Heaven, for you are there!"

HINTS TO THE RICH.—God has prospered you, and is still abundantly prospering you. When counting up your gains, when looking on your wealth and splendor, when sitting in your beautiful temple, and rejoicing amid rich religious privileges, O think of the destitute, millions on millions!—Remember, God is no respecter of persons, he loves them as well as you; his sun shines as brightly on the fields; the Saviour embraced them in his last messages; and his gospel can prepare them, as well as you, for his second coming and glory. Enter, then, fully into his great plan of mercy, and rest not till he has the whole earth for his possession.—*B. Dickson.*

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AND BLESSING OF THE AGE.
continues its onward course, healing every variety, for men, women, and children, and all who are afflicted with the above diseases. No family ought to be without it.
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Persons that have been confined to their beds for months, and apparently gone into the grave, have been restored to health by the use of Dr. J. K. Southmayd's Pectoral Mixture.

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HARTFORD, CONN.

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Christian Secretary.

HARTFORD, FRIDAY, OCT. 27, 1848.

Rome.

The state of affairs at Rome, and the policy pursued by Pius IX. since his accession to the throne have attracted the attention of thinking men as to the final issue and the best policy to be pursued in the present crisis in regard to the evangelization of Italy. That the signs of the times indicate the downfall of the existing order of things at Rome at no very distant day, we think but few who have watched the changes that have taken place there within the past two years, and the disturbed state of society at the present moment, will deny. Rome at this moment is "divided against itself," and already have collisions of a frightful nature taken place, and so destitute is the seven-hilled city of a civil government, that the Cardinals, the men who are the principal supporters of the papacy, have fled in terror, their hearts failing them for fear. Nor is there any speedy prospect of a change in favor of the Pope and permanent tranquility.

The following extract from the *Christian Union*, by a writer who understands the true state of the case, will be read with interest at this time.

"As to Pope Pius IX., it would be hard to find a monarch in Europe more to be pitied than he. The times are dealing hard with him, and we are inclined to think that the future will be no easier than the present, so far as he is concerned. We have supposed, and suppose still, that he has honestly desired to effect the political changes which he saw that his little kingdom of three millions of people demanded. And most certainly they were neither few nor small. He commenced almost as soon as he ascended the throne which St. Peter never occupied, and for almost two years, he went on well, in many respects—perhaps a little faster than was prudent. But the great fault which he committed was in beginning at the wrong place—Had he set about correcting ecclesiastical abuses, and above all, had he effected those reforms in doctrine which are essential to secure a better state of morals, he might have hoped for a real political regeneration of the 'States of the Church,' as his petty kingdom is called. But no; he attempted no such thing. Nothing worthy of the name was done to bring about a better moral state of things among the Romans, who are described, and truly, as a people exceedingly ignorant, depraved, and proud, and less fit for political freedom than any other portion of the Italian race, the Neapolitans always excepted. And what has been the consequence? It has been, that every step which the Pope has taken, has more and more thrown the reins into the hands of a people who are too destitute of religious principle and sound morality to exercise the prerogatives of a constitutional and free government. All accounts from Rome, Papal as well as Protestant, agree in representing the state of things as deplorable. The temporal dominion of the Pope is almost gone. He is compelled to allow his ministry—which is now composed entirely of laymen—to carry on a war to which he is opposed. The priests, and the monks of all orders, are at their old business of stirring up the opposition of the lowest masses—and especially that part of the inhabitants who live on the western side of the Tiber, (on which side stand the castle of St. Angelo, the church of St. Peter, and the Vatican,) and hence are called by the inhabitants of the eastern and by far the larger portion of the city, *Transeverini*, or they who live beyond the Tiber. These people boast of a lineal descent from the old Romans—at least to a degree which the inhabitants of the eastern side of the river do not pretend to claim.

"Accordingly, Rome presents the spectacle of being divided against itself, and almost ripe for a civil war. On the one hand, stand the Pope, the Cardinals, the higher clergy, the greater part of the lower clergy and monks, the greater part of the lay aristocracy, and the lower masses of society.—On the other hand, stand almost all the middle classes of the mechanics and other working classes.—On their side, also, range the majority of the inhabitants of the villages and other cities of the Pope's kingdom. This is emphatically the case in the *Legations*, or part of the Papal States which lie east of the Apennines, and border on the gulf of Venice; and are, so called, because they are governed by *Legates*, or lieutenants appointed by the Pope, and who have hitherto been, for the most part, if not always, *Cardinals*.

"This, we believe to be a pretty correct statement of the condition of Rome as it is. But there is another consideration connected with this state of affairs which should demand the attention of the religious public. The late civil commotions have already thrown open some of the Italian States to the free exercise of all forms of religious worship; but national jealousy and pride of opinion will prevent foreigners from accomplishing much at present; they spurn the idea of being taught by a stranger. Bibles and good religious books may be circulated to some extent if the proper persons are selected for the purpose, and these, says another intelligent writer, 'will make their silent way where the living voice cannot reach, and prepare a select few to make plain the way of the Lord; but to rouse the whole people, the preacher is needed; and soon I hope Italy will hear the joyful sound.' What is wanted for Italy is, speaking narratives; not preaching tracts, not controversy, but lively and graphic pictures, illustrating the principles of Christianity brought into action. Allow me to direct the attention of such of your readers as take an interest in Italy, to this point."

Semi-Annual Statement.

The first half of the present financial year of our Missionary Union closed with September. During that time there has been paid into its treasury, in donations and legacies, the sum of \$31,924 95—showing a falling off from the receipts in the corresponding months of last year of \$3,463 06.

The expenditures in the same time, have exceeded those of the corresponding months of last year, by more than \$5,000; and an equal ratio of increase, to wit, the least, must prevail through the year.

After deducting the sum already received, from the whole amount of probable expenditures, and making liberal allowance for the grants of the United States Government and co-ordinate Societies, a balance of nearly SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS—about \$10,000 above the receipts of the last half of the preceding year—must be paid into the treasury in donations and legacies, within the remaining six months, to prevent an increase of debt, and to save the missions from pecuniary embarrassment.

Is there a reasonable hope of securing the needed sum in season to meet the expenditures of the year?

The falling off in the first half of the year seems to be against such hope. But the fact that a severe financial pressure has been felt in many parts of the country, with the unprecedented receipts of March last, ought so far to account for the diminution as to prevent despondency.

But should the monetary affairs of the country continue to be depressed, and the spiritual interests of the churches to languish, the friends of missions will meet in Philadelphia, in May next, to hear reports from the treasury and the missions, which must fill their hearts with anguish,—unless the six remaining months be months of individual, united, self-denying effort, on the part of those who love the missionary enterprise.

We cleave to the hope that the needed effort will be put forth. It cannot be that any have been brought into Christ's kingdom at such a time as this, and by what was suffered in Gethsemane and Calvary, to withhold their help; and thus to call missionaries together, in lands over which heathen temples throw their dread shadows, to determine how and where retrenchments are to be made in expenditures, which have for their object the deliverance of millions from the curse and dominion of sin.—*Macedonia.*

Constants to Probus.

My DEAR BROTHER—I need not assure you that I reciprocate fully your expressions of personal regard, and sympathize deeply in those friendly feelings which induced you to open this correspondence. Nothing is more lovely than a sanctified friendship—nothing more purely human—or purely divine.

Did not our Lord in the love which he bore to all his disciples and in the warm, confidential friendship which he cherished towards some, consecrate our social susceptibilities and the claims of a special, personal regard of one individual towards another? Doubtless; especially when we feel our hearts charged and pressed with the mighty responsibilities of religion and the church, does it become our privilege to follow our Lord in his more private communings with his disciples, and beneath the sacred shades of friendly retirement to make known to each other our fears and hopes, our sorrows and joys.

Your first enquiry, you are aware, my dear Probus, opens into a wide field, and involves a great question—if it is not the great question, of the present age. I mean the question of ecclesiastical polity. You say well, "that in cases of extreme doubt and perplexity we do have what we call a council." But do the scriptures have what they call a council? Does the ecclesiastical polity of the New Testament recognize any such intervention whether by advice or by authority, with its direct discipline? Is the discipline of the church ultimate, and is it in its independent standing, clothed with an authority adequate to the enforcement of that discipline? And must the church, however comparatively feeble in its relative character and local relations, assume the responsibility and use that authority? Or may she as a matter of policy and expediency, to give the greater weight to her discipline and to add sanction to her decisions, make an appeal to the *vox populi*, by calling an advisory or legislative council? And further, does our church polity admit the law of expediency? or invest the church with a kind of discretionary power, to do, or not to do—take the responsibility herself, or throw it upon the Christian public at her pleasure? *In fine*, is a council scriptural? Does it find its precedent in the New Testament, or in the lower antiquity of a degenerate ecclesiasticism? In relation to the point involved in your question, taking for granted the legitimacy of the council, even as a matter of expediency or advice, you see we have the old tragedy acted over again, on a more limited scale to be sure. Council conflicting with council—the one annihilating by advice the voice of the other! Can it be, my brother, that Christ has thus left open in his church a door for endless controversy and ceaseless collision. Will you favor me with your thoughts upon this point in your reply—upon the abstract question of propriety in the case supposed, a right decision could only be made from a knowledge of local facts and circumstances.

I can conceive how a church might and ought to reject the doing of one council and (if a council must be had), convene another—and so on, continuing and rejecting until it shall find one to sanction its sense of right. But, if I were to decide upon the extent of the council power, I would say let the decision of the first be ultimate; thus fixing the *finis* of authority as near the church as possible. Then a second should not be convened—or if convened, should not act; or if acting, its action should not be regarded. But all this is hypothetical.

In relation to expository preaching as a means of interest and edification in the church, much depends upon the skill and amount of preparatory labor with which the public teacher comes to his work. For the want of this, expository preaching has fallen in the public estimation, and the church at the present day scarcely regards it as worthy of a place in the Sabbath services of the House of God. But the fault, I am persuaded, has been with ministers. The exposition has been regarded as a kind of release from the sermon; something which could be thrown off impromptu, without the severity of previous thought and study, and of course has been a failure. You will recollect that in a recent conversation upon this subject, I suggested that if but one could be written it should be the exposition instead of the sermon. What is wanted in an exposition, is to turn up by severe thought, the rich soil of truth. The ore of evangelical sentiment lies deeply imbedded in the Scriptures and can only be reached by laborious effort. A light superficial sermon may be tolerated; but a dry, technical exposition is a worthless thing. And yet, in my opinion, nothing could be more useful to both minister and people than a thorough consecutive exposition of some given portion of the scriptures. The word of God is quick and powerful. We have evidently too little of it in our preaching; and may not this be one reason of its impotence. I am persuaded that one radical defect in the prevailing type of piety in our churches, is the absence of strong evangelical sentiment. Conversing with a ministering brother from a neighboring State, a few days since, he said he found but a very few in his congregation who seemed to have any deep inwrought convictions of the doctrines of the gospel. And what pastor has not occasion to utter the same complaint? Now why is this? Have not our pastors preached the gospel? We believe they have. How comes it to pass then

that our churches at this time should be flooded with a piety that is not only not taught, but which cannot be taught—a piety that is ever learning but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth. This is a question of very serious import, and I crave your thoughts thereon.

In relation to your last enquiry I will only repeat (as I fear I have already exceeded the appropriate length of such a correspondence) the opinion of a private brother, expressed a few evenings since in a conference meeting. He said he believed that the prevailing heresy of the church at the present time was a *practical denial of the proper Deity and Sovereignty of the Holy Spirit*.

Is this so? Is it possible? You know how insensibly the church has fallen into the most fatal errors. Will you think of this. It is a grave suggestion to be sure; but if there is the slightest tendency towards so fatal an extreme, it were well for the alarm to be sounded.

I shall look with interest for your reply to this.

Your constant friend, CONSTANS.

Letter from Rev. E. B. Cross.

Bridgeport, Oct. 16, 1848.

Messrs. Editors.—Enclosed you will receive a letter from Bro. E. B. Cross, missionary of the A. B. M. Union in Tavoy, Burmah. It is addressed to the Fairfield Co. Baptist Association, and was read by the undersigned before that body at their recent anniversary at Brookfield. It was regarded as containing so much missionary intelligence, and communicated in a manner so full of the spirit of Christ, that by a unanimous vote of the Association the undersigned was directed to forward it to you, that the whole of it, or copious extracts therefrom, might be published in the Christian Secretary.—Confident that it cannot be read without interest, and praying that it may be greatly blessed in quickening missionary zeal, and increasing the contributions of the churches of Connecticut to the treasury of the "Union," it is submitted to you to be sent forth to your numerous readers.

Fraternally yours, WM. REID.

Tavoy, Jan. 22, 1848.

To the FAIRFIELD CO. BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

Dear Brethren.—It is with the greatest happiness that we acknowledge the interest you have taken in our welfare as missionaries. We have the disadvantage, it is true, of being personally strangers to most of you; but this circumstance leads us the more exclusively to think that your bounties and the interest you have taken in us, have all a higher aim than the gratifications of personal friendship.

It surprised me to see a direct application on your part for any communications from us of the nature which you have proposed. But it will afford me an opportunity of presenting before you facts and circumstances with which my own feelings are deeply enlisted, but which I could not have felt the confidence to trouble you with, without this.

Within the short two years and a half of our stay in Tavoy, we have had the opportunity of seeing the transitory nature of our existence. Missions and missionaries must have their rapid generations. Mrs. Mason is no more. Her husband must soon follow his beloved wife. He has already left us. Bro. and sister Wade are now on their way home, most likely never to return. Our circle of four missionary families is set down at one to two, by laws which cannot be taken for casualties.—There is no remedy but in the original source. Others must come from home to take the places of these laborers, or their places remain empty and desolate. For our own part, we expect to fill only a transient day generation like these and many of our brethren. But we believe we can most sincerely and heartily say, "none of these things move us." God grant that the time we spend on earth may be spent in faithful acts to glorify His name and spread the news of salvation. This is the only prayer we have to offer for ourselves in view of the inevitable shortness of our lives. Whoever enlists himself as a soldier, does it with his eyes open to the fact that a soldier's life may be short, but on this account he does not hesitate. He goes. He fights, dies, and is forgotten, because all take it for granted that a soldier may die. He is only numbered with the thousands who lie upon the same field, and whose death has been the work of the same day or hour with his. We see the figures which announce his death, and have but little impression or thought of a thing so uniformly and constantly expected. Those who follow him have the same and no more reasons to fear than he had. But we should remember that he has nothing but his natural courage and prowess to support him.—The Christian soldier and the missionary have more. The glory of the Lord Jesus shines upon him if he is faithful, so that he may well forget the conflict in which he is actually engaged, for the triumph which is infallible, and enjoyed the sooner, as his conflict ceases the sooner. Oh who can be a lagard or a coward in the service of the Saviour?—Who will question whether it is easier or harder to do the Saviour's bidding in a foreign or his native land; in a bland and sunny, or a frozen and icy clime; in a region of healthfulness or of plague and pestilence? Who shall hesitate, in order to choose, into the midst of what legion or phalanx of the Saviour's enemies he shall cast himself?—When I think of the spirit of the gospel and of the true disposition of the disciple of Christ, the world rises up before me, it is true, in the picture of an acedema, or an immense sepulchre, filled with all that is loathsome and forbidding. But I see at once—and oh, the glory, the blissfulness of the sight!—I see at once a vast multitude running to and fro, like Aaron in the midst of the followers of Dathan and Abiram, with arms in their hands.—I see them take their posts before every advancing multitude of wretched offenders against God to stop them from the opening gap of perdition and the sweeping plagues of their own wickedness.—But when for a moment I am recalled from these results of the true to the actual spirit of the church, I find myself in the midst of teeming multitudes who have only the prospect of immediate and eternal death before them. No help, and no hope.—Oh could I, or could any of our brethren, lift up a voice which could be heard, which could reach the heart of our brethren, I am sure there would be self-seeking and worldly-mindedness on the part of those who have it in their charge to save a world from perdition, and to turn the heathen to the Saviour.

I left Tavoy on the 16th of Dec., in company with Mrs. Cross, to visit the churches of the Southern district. These churches, four in number, have been committed to our charge. We go down the Tavoy river from 30 to 40 miles, in a boat which will carry about 250 bushels of rice, and arrive at the opening of the Bay, which is a part of the Bay of Bengal. Our boat is capable of being rowed or of sailing, as we find most convenient. From the mouth of the Tavoy we sail down the bay two or three days, and arrive at the mouth of the Pyekyah river, and find the largest of the Karen churches in this direction from 12 to 15 miles up this river in the village of Pyekyah, which derives its name from the river. After spending a Sabbath and administering the communion to this church and enjoying with them a most interesting season, I left Mrs. C. with our little family and the church, and went out into the surrounding districts to preach and to visit the other little churches. I found the churches in a state of life. They every where evince an ardor of affection which is greatly encouraging, particularly to a new man. A few cases of transgression which had taken place during the rainy season, had been settled by the churches and their native preachers to my satisfaction. Accordingly I was able to spend my time in endeavors to preach the gospel to the churches to the unconverted.

At Pyekyah, 8 have been baptized, and 4 restored; Ptsano, 3 baptized, and 2 restored; at Palank, 4 baptized, and 1 restored; at Katay, 10 baptized. At this last place the Romanists have made an establishment, and have been successful in bringing over to them two or three families from the unconverted Karens, the heads of which have been made preachers among their countrymen.—The policy of the Romanists here is, to make the people believe that their way and ours is the same, except that they claim to be in advance of us. If, however, the disciples will listen to them, they will soon come up to the same point, and all will be well. None of the disciples have yet been drawn away by them. On the contrary, it is rather to be hoped that the extremely loose morality which they teach, has had the effect to prejudice the minds of many of the heathen against them. They allow every one to go his own way, and pursue his own passions, (only he should not sin to excess,) provided they will listen to them. This kind of preaching does not commend itself at least to the consciences of the people, and the preacher becomes the loser by it. I spent a good deal of time in direct preaching, and personally pressing the truths of the gospel by every argument I could command upon the minds of the unconverted wherever I could find them. But I find developed a state of feeling to which I would best most earnestly to call your attention, and with great earnestness to invite your prayers for its removal. I have been led to apprehend that it is a state of things which may be followed by an overwhelming effusion of the Spirit of God, provided Christians overcome it by prayer. It would seem that a dumb devil had taken possession of the unconverted in all directions alike, and at the same time. To use the words of some who have obtained liberty enough to speak and confess.—They have heard the gospel, and, like all unconverted sinners, they have no interest. They have no wish to hear more. They can neither answer nor endure the arguments by which repentance and faith are urged upon them. They therefore hang down their heads, and hope you will dismiss them before long, and they shall escape. All that man can do, seems fairly non-plussed and baffled. Now will God bless? Oh, will He not bless? My dear brethren, remember us in your prayers. This is a crisis which I awfully dread to pass. It seems like treading on the brink of a fearful and dizzy precipice, where there is almost more likelihood of falling than of steering safely on. O that God would pour out His Spirit upon us, and bring these multitudes to repentance—to salvation. This state of things I find not in one place merely; but it is the general state of the unconverted Karens of these provinces, so far as I know. It seems to be a time in which God intends to try and prove the faith of his people, and yet we hope he will speedily visit us, and we may feel the awakenings and revivings of His holy presence.

Our visit in this direction occupied about five weeks, (i. e.) from the 10th of Dec. to the same time in January, 1848. We arrived on the first of January at Tavoy, safe, and in good health, by the blessing of God. I remained in Tavoy till the 19th inst., 123 days, and came over the mountains to this place, Mata, in company with Bro. Bennett, where I now write. Our road lies a part of the way over a range of mountains, or rather fragments of a range of mountains, considered as belonging to the Himalayas. We came over on elephants.—This method of travelling gives many of our positions the appearance of great danger, as the animal is of itself tall, and in his clambering up and down rocks which jut over a stream some hundreds of feet below, it is impossible to rid ourselves of feelings of apprehension, and yet from the carelessness of the animal we are quite safe as we suppose.

After spending a Sabbath with the church at Mata, we went on the 24th of Jan. up the south branch of the Tennasserim, about 12 to 15 miles, to visit a village of unconverted Karens. Just before arriving, we heard on the bank of the river above us the voices of persons talking. I immediately landed and went to them. There were a company of people seated by a funeral fire, and an open grave. I called them to listen to the words of hope. They promised to be assembled at the sheds or booths at a short distance, where preparations were making for the assemblage of the whole village to make their feast for the dead, at whose grave and funeral fire we stood. On arriving at the village, we found the chief, who is also high priest, and went to his zayat close by the place where the people were to assemble for their feast. In the evening a few were induced to come to the zayat. But while one of our very best Karen preachers was preaching to them in a most truthful and impressive manner, they kept dropping off and returning to the more exciting sound of the drum, the cymbal and the dance; yet when they were dismissed the chief remained almost alone. He was one of the first among the Karens to hear the gospel in the days of Boardman, but has always excused himself on the ground that he had two wives, and could not put one of them away. We continued preaching to him and exhorting him, till it was evident that nothing would move him or dissuade him from his purpose of prostration, when I proposed that we pray especially for him. Our two ordained Karens offered up affecting and fervent prayers particularly for him. I attempted to follow them, but such were my feelings for him, and the multitudes assembled near me, that I was completely overwhelmed, and could utter nothing but groans and a few ejaculations that God would have mercy upon so many wretched beings sinking so thoughtlessly and stu-

pidly to an endless hell. The noise of the dance, the song and rattling instruments, was kept up all night by the people according to their custom on these occasions. During the following day all retired to sleep, and to fit themselves for a still more noisy revel-rant of the next night. The next evening came, and the people began to assemble to make their preparations. The man whose wife had died as the occasion of the feast, took upon himself the direction both for the preparations and the ceremonies. We had some opportunity of preaching in the afternoon to a few, but when a general call was made to induce the people to come to the zayat; still less came than the night before. But at the suggestion of the chief before alluded to, we went to the place of revelry. The principal ceremony for the dead was just taking place. A bone, left from the fire, is placed in a small frame-work decorated with shining trinkets, and hung around with swords, knives, &c. Around this the husband and a band of children and young persons were encircled. Small wax tapers were fastened to the frame in which the bone was placed, and also on the sides of large flaring vessels. When these were lighted, the vessels were raised and lowered, while an inaudible and incoherent sort of prayer was uttered to unknown powers by the husband for his deceased wife. I waited for this, and then attempted to call the attention of the people. By the help of the chief and his son, order was gained, and the multitude quietly seated, so continued till they had listened to three addresses, to prayers and singing. They kept silent and attentive till they were dismissed. And I should presume nearly all returned to their lodging places; for this evidently was their great night, and had already been commenced by the rude dancing of persons fantastically dressed; yet no sounds were left to disturb the night, save the mournful tone of the death drum, which continued to beat.

The chief above alluded to, has since joined himself to the disciples, so far as this can be done before baptism. On the 27th of Jan., we went up the north branch of the Tennasserim from 15 to 18 miles, to visit a village of Siamese Karens. We happened to hit upon one of their worship days, and again had an opportunity of preaching nearly all night to a large assemblage. I would give you a description of the occurrences which were to me still more interesting, but I am afraid I have already wearied you, and trespassed upon your time. After leaving this place, we spent some ten days holding a kind of protracted meeting with the church at Mata, and since our return to Tavoy have made a short tour among the mountains nearer town.

If I might be indulged in the expression of a word, what one can be more full of meaning than the words of the Lord Jesus when he said, "it is more blessed to give than to receive." We are on the altar of Christ, and who would not choose to bestow upon countless multitudes the priceless blessings of salvation rather than gratify himself for a moment with the flattering prospects of a hope which in the end must inevitably disappoint him. Who can think of the sufferings of Christ and the glory that shall follow, without himself longing to have part in that glory as endeavoring to promote it, rather than be plunged in torments as an open enemy, or overwhelmed with shame and contempt as a neutral or an indifferent beholder of its progress.

We are, as a family, enjoying good health. But that fearful scourge in this climate, the small pox, is beginning to make its appearance, and to spread in our city, and we have reasons to apprehend great danger. But we, as well as the people around us, are in the hands of God.

Most affectionately and sincerely yours
Unworthily servant,
E. B. Cross.

Departure of Missionaries.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Meter, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin, Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Brownell, who goes to join her husband in Assam, sailed from Boston last Saturday, in the bark *Cato*, the same vessel which carried out a band of missionaries a year ago. These missionaries have gone to reinforce the several stations in Arracan and Assam, stations, which have become of great importance and interest to the Baptist denomination, by the rapid increase of the Gospel's success.

A large number gathered on the wharf to witness the departure, and to encourage by their sympathy the departing missionaries. The religious exercises commenced at 10 o'clock A. M., by singing the following

HYMN.

Christian Herald, like your Saviour,
Go among the sons of woe;
Go, to those of sad behaviour;
Go where streams of death do flow;
Jesus sends you,
Haste, to dying heathen go.

Go, to those who sigh in blindness,
Poor and wretched, halt and lame;
Tell them of a Saviour's kindness,
Sound abroad his wondrous name;
Jesus sends you,
Go, and all his love proclaim.

Go, to Burmah's sons and daughters,
Tell them of a Saviour's blood;
Four abroad those healing waters,
Gushing from the throne of God;
Jesus sends you,
Cry, "behold the Lamb of God."

Go, where sickly winds are blowing,
Scorching suns and poisoned air;
Tears of anguish ever flowing,
Bitter death, and dark despair;
Jesus sends you,
Fearless go; your God is there.

You shall see in that blest morning,
When your Lord returns to reign,
Precious gems, his crown adorning,
Plucked by you from caves of sin;
Go, and pluck them,
Angels guard your way, Amen.

Doctor Sharp who for many years has officiated on such occasions and whose memory is rife with the progress of the Redeemer's cause, briefly addressed the assembly. In the course of his remarks he alluded to the sailing of the *May Flower* to these shores and the departure of Carey from England, two interesting events in history, the influence of which is still widening and still to be generations yet unborn. He then commended the missionaries to God, in whose work they were about to commence, and for whose glory they had offered their lives.

After these services, farewells were exchanged and the ship left the wharf, carrying a cargo precious in the sight of God, angels and men. As the ropes which held the ship to the shore were loosed, the missionaries struck up the hymn, "Yes, my native land I love thee." To which it seemed as though every soul present could respond, "Amen."

ward, onward men of heaven, Bear the gospel banner high."
May the churches of our land remember these heralds of the cross, and bear them in their prayers to heaven for a blessing.
W. M. S.

Church Rates.

The *Morning Star*, a Free Will Baptist paper published at Dover, N. H., relates the following story, which is as fair a comment on the detestable system of compelling people to pay taxes for the support of a creed to which they do not subscribe as we have seen. The Quakers have always refused to pay their taxes, and in consequence have suffered enormous losses arising from the seizure of their goods.

A Quaker miller in England prepared himself for the tax-gatherer by filling a bag almost full of dirt and ashes and placing some of his best flour on the top, and leaving it untied where it would meet the eye of the publican, who was that day expected. At length his worship came blustering into the mill, and after looking round awhile said, "Well, Israel, what shall I see to day?" Israel gave a significant nod towards the untied bag, saying in plaintive accents, "Ah, go on in thy wickedness." The tax-gatherer taking the hint had the bag carried off and sold to a baker without delay. Shortly after, the poor baker came into the mill, and, boiling over with rage, began thus to rail at the composed and dignified Quaker. "Confound you, you arrant hypocrite. What did you send me that stuff for? I poured it into my trough, and it spoiled all my dough."—"But, friend, I have sold thee no flour," coolly replied Israel. "Thee ought not to be angry with me." "You rascal, you know the tax-gatherer took the bag of stuff from your mill," vociferated the baker almost spent with rage. "O, said the Quaker, 'now I recollect that a man called here, a short time ago, and robbed me of a bag of something which I suppose he took to be flour, but I knew it was not. Friend, if thou dealest with robbers, thou must suffer the consequences.'"

Union of Old School Presbyterians.

For a few years past an effort has been on foot for the closer union of several of the Presbyterian bodies in this country. The effort had advanced so far, that in 1847 the Old School General Assembly passed a resolution inviting a meeting of delegates of the several bodies to meet a delegation of its own at New York for the purpose of taking further measures towards the completion of the object. A meeting was held at the Presbyterian Mission Room a few weeks since as we learn from the N. Y. Evangelist, consisting of delegates from the Old School German Assembly, the General Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church, the Associate Reformed Church, the Associate Presbyterian Church, and the Reformed Presbyterian Church. It was expected that the German Reformed Church would also have been represented, but for some reason it was not.

There was, as might have been expected, some diversity of opinion in the discussions. The Old School Presbyterians expected to effect some visible incorporation of these various bodies into one; others supposed the object to be only a closer communion and correspondence, which should not effect the outward relations of either. The Associate Reformed Church were anxious for a visible union. Among the difficulties urged against a visible union, was the psalmody. The Scotch churches will use Rouse's version of the Psalms and nothing else. To this it was replied that while the Presbyterians used other psalm books, they never interdicted the use of Rouse, and it could be left to each individual church to use what books they pleased. The same objections and answers were made to organs and choirs. A difficulty was also suggested by a delegate of the Associate Church, on the matter of Communion. It is a fundamental principle with this Church to admit to its communion none but those who give evidence of piety, and who are under the jurisdiction of the church; to which it was replied, that as the other denominations require credible evidence of piety, this difficulty would be obviated by a formal amalgamation of the churches. The meeting not being so fully represented as was desirable, and not being able to agree upon a basis of union, it adjourned to meet again in April next.

MORE ABOUT INFANT BAPTISM.—The article on Infant Baptism, in the Christian Advocate and Journal, to which we alluded a week or so since, has called out another correspondent of that paper who finds fault with the New England writer and endeavors to set him right on this " vexed question." The position assumed by the first correspondent, that "all infants are born in a state of justification, and that none but justified persons are proper subjects for baptism," he protests against in the name of Methodism. "The Church supposes," he says, "that baptism will in all cases, where persons have not been baptized in infancy, immediately precede awakening; and if so, it would generally prove conversion." The Church may suppose so, but the New England correspondent was nearer the Bible view of the subject, when he assumed that none but justified persons are proper subjects for baptism, although he made a mistake in including infants in the number. After showing from Methodist standards that "infants are not born justified and regenerated," he proceeds to state the true significance of infant baptism, as follows: "I believe that all infants are entitled to baptism, and that all parents who neglect to procure it for their children, are guilty of wrong toward them. It is their right, not because they are justified, but because salvation is provided for them by Christ; they are the subjects of a *provisional* salvation, of which baptism is the 'sign and seal.'"

Into what strange positions does error drive men. Were the whole podobaptist host to give their views individually, they would probably differ as widely as these two Methodist clergymen. We have heard of "Provisional Communion," but "a provisional salvation, of which baptism is the sign and seal," is something not mentioned in the good Book. The best and only safe "seal" is this:—"*Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his.*"

CHURCHES IN HALIFAX.—The Halifax Chronicle says there are twenty-one places of worship in that city, with an average attendance of about 11,000. The denominations are divided into churches as follows: four Episcopal, four Presbyterian, four Baptist, three Methodist, two Roman Catholic, one Congregational, one Methodist, one Sandemanian and one Mormon. The Chronicle thinks two thirds of the population, exclusive of the garrisons, are in the habit of attending public worship.

PASTORAL CHARGE.

has resigned the church in Westfield from the church in his pastor. He has labor last Sabbath, field of labor; in some cities, is rapid resources, and his manufacturing town; the church has been in last Spring, and in State, we cannot the pastoral relation; bury, may be perma pastor of the church since.

New London.

We are indebted of the Association, its thirty-first anniversary having already one of our correspondents this time to say more give the statistics. T. bers connected with tized during the year, dismissed, 102; died, ordained ministers, 30. Among the resolutions following.

Resolved, That we make known as clearly the subject of American Resolved, That we re-gravated wrong, which approve or countenance and earnestly request who are connected rate themselves from it.

STANDING.

Resolved, That the in the Missions of the ary Union, and their gr as to render it our duty we can for their support. Resolved, That we h work, the Mission State Convention, and tions, and self-sacrific their behalf, our cordial prayers.

Resolved, That in v Connecticut Baptist Edu king for the assistance of God to the ministry resources, we recommen clude this among the obj larly contribute.

Resolved, in view of the Christ has suffered severe cret societies; and that made at the present time land, and that some churches have already c them, therefore.

Resolved, That this bod meet this matter with an sion of their convictions, for members of churches such societies.

Resolved, That we cons cluding figures as a b character, and the both public and private, we courage its use.

FIRE.—A barn belonging of Wethersfield, was destroyed evening last. About fifty and fifty bushels of potato was destroyed. The barn the other buildings, and was supposed to be set on fire.

GRISWOLD'S SPOON PAC was destroyed by fire on Su

The Post Office in Lebanon store in which the office was by fire on Monday night. letters were all burnt.

THANKSGIVING in Ohio, No same day; in Maine Nov. 10.

THE EVANGELICAL PREACH The October number con James N. Granger, of Provid the Witness of the Spirit; a best method of preaching, by The Evangelical Preacher in ville, Ohio, and since its estab ed a large number of excell

INFIDELITY AND BENEVOLEN This is the title of a di Rev. Wm. Watson, of the E

Ev. B. Cooke, Editor of the W on Temperance Association charge made by Mr. Watson tions are of *infidel tendency* Church. The discussion ap the columns of the Waterb now published in pamphlet f a Temperance Society in W who has altogether the best uses up Mr. Watson

Poetry.

Christ Expounding the Law.

BY REV. THOMAS DALE, M. A.

The voice of God was mighty, when it brake
Through the deep stillness of chaotic night,
Uttering the potent words, "Let there be light!"
And light was kindled as the Eternal spake;
While hosts seraphic hymned the wondrous plan
Which formed heaven, earth, sun, sea, and crown'd
The work with man.

The voice of God was mighty, when it came
From Sinai's summit, wrapped in midnight gloom;
When ceaseless thunders told the sinner's doom,
And answering lightnings flashed devouring
flame;
Till prostrate Israel breathed th' imploring cry,
"Veil, Lord, thy terrors; cease thy thunders, or we
die!"

The voice of God was mighty, when alone
Elijah stood on Horeb, and the blast
Rent the huge mountains as Jehovah passed;
And the earth quaked beneath the Holy One;
When ceased the storm, the blast, the lightning
glare—
And but the "still small voice" was heard—yet God
was there.

Yet not alone in thunder or in storm
The voice of God was mighty, as it came
From the red mountain, or the car of flame:
When stooped the Godhead to a mortal form;
When Jesus came to work his Father's will,
His was the voice of God—and it was mighty still.

He chid the billows—and the heaving sea
Lay hushed, the warring winds obeyed his
word;
The conscious demons knew and owned their
Lord,
And at his bidding set the captive free.

But is not hatred strong as wave or wind,
And are the hosts of hell more stubborn than man-
kind?

These, too, he vanquished. When the holy law
From his pure lips like mountain honey flowed;
Still, as he spake, the haughty heart was bowed,
Passion was calmed, and Malice crouched in awe;
The scribe, perversely blind, began to see,
And mute conviction held the humbled Pharisee.

"Man never spake like this man," was their cry—
And yet he spake, and yet they heard in vain:
'E'en as their sires to idols turned again:
When Sinai's thunders shook no more the sky—
So these went back to bend at Mammon's shrine,
And heard that voice no more, yet felt it was divine!

Rest.

BY SAMUEL J. PIER.

There remaineth a refuge for the people of God.—Hb.
xii. 14.

Unbroken, calm repose,
Remaineth for the spirit that, upborne
By the unfailing promises, both worn
In its paucity when foes
Were thronging thickest round it, and the strife
Was sternest in its pathway unto life.

Beside the waters still,
In meadows green, where white-robed hosts recline,
While lofty chants ascending and divine,
Of faith triumphant thrill
Its trembling souls, secure from earth's turmoil,
The soul shall reap the garner of its toil.

No more shall jealousy
Invade the sanctuary-place of love,
The vulture searing from her nest the dove;
No frail humanity
Bow down in weariness beneath the weight
Of trust betrayed and friendship turned to hate.

No more shall sorrow bring
Unto the eye its bitter boom of tears:
For as the morning cloudlet disappears
When golden sunbeams fling
Their glory forth, shall grief and pain depart,
When Jesus smiles upon the darkened heart.

No more shall deep despair
Oppress the bosom, with its dreary dreams;
No more shall earthly hopes, with starry gleams
Of distant realms and fair,
Allure the soul to vain pursuit of bliss,
That dawneth never on a world like this.

But rest, unending rest,
Shall fold the spirit in a sweet embrace;
And, like a garment never fading, grace
With glory shall invest
Its meekness, as it bendeth at the feet
Of Him, whose throne is Mercy's chosen seat.
—New England Puritan.

Religious & Moral.

From the New York Observer.

The Cholera in Turkey.

IMPORTANT FACTS IN ITS TREATMENT.

Constantinople, Aug. 27, 1848.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The cholera is still making dreadful ravages in various parts of Turkey, as well as in some portions of Europe. Mysterious disease! that stretches its gigantic arms from the Red to the White Sea, and at the same moment of time, kills, as in a moment, its hundreds and thousands in Cairo, in Constantinople, and in Petersburg! And thus it moves onward, and onward, towards the west, awakening the most gloomy forebodings in nations and countries yet untraced, while it leaves desolation and sorrow behind! Quarantines, and military sanitary cordons are instituted in vain. They have again and again been proved to be most perfectly useless in staying the march of this dreadful pestilence. No quarantines nor disinfecting agents can be of any avail, unless you can adopt means so general and powerful as to change the character of the whole atmosphere around us. There can scarcely be a doubt that the Asiatic cholera as it is called, depends upon a specific cause, and that that cause is in the atmosphere. Recent observations seem to show that the electric or magnetic fluid has something to do with it. This is a point upon which some light may be thrown in America, should the disease invade that country as now seems most probable; for the electric telegraphs in operation there are more numerous than in any other country in the world; and if, as has been asserted in Europe, the chol-

the fact must surely be observed in America.

The cholera has now existed in the city of Constantinople for nearly one entire year; though much of the time it has been of mild type, and limited in its extent. Within the last month, however, it has shown more malignancy than at any former period, and during one week nearly all who were attacked, died. The number of deaths in the city, from cholera alone, during that week, was reported at 1,100. At the same time, the disease has been raging at Broosa, Nicomedia, Adabarna, Magnesia, Urta, Aleppo, and various other places in the interior. Trebizond was dreadfully visited a year ago, and now the disease has returned with such violence as to drive almost every body from the city that had the means of fleeing. It has just begun its ravages at Smyrna, where it is to be feared it will be particularly severe. As I have intimated, this scourge of the human race is moving westward. It will doubtless by and by be heard of from France and England, and then it will cross the Atlantic, as before, to perform its direful mission in America.

My principal object in introducing the subject into this letter is to communicate some facts concerning its treatment, which have been learned by experience in this part of the world, and which though they may not be new to professional men in America, may tend to corroborate what they have already observed and heard on the subject, while those of your readers who are not versed in medical science, may have their minds quieted somewhat, in knowing that there are precautions which, under God, will in most cases secure safety, even in the midst of the greatest exposures.

The Asiatic cholera, which when fairly seated is one of the most unmanageable of all diseases,—despising all human art and skill, and mocking all the assiduous efforts of friendship in almost all cases, begins with a mild diarrhoea, which in that stage is most readily cured. True, where the cholera is raging we are continually hearing of persons who arose well in the morning, and are in their graves before night; and it is not to be doubted that there are some cases in which the first attack of the disease is the collapse, from which recovery is rare. But I can say with truth that in every instance, of these sudden deaths of cholera, in which I have been able to investigate the circumstances, I have found that the individual had been laboring under diarrhoea for some days previous. Generally, it is so slight as not to be much noticed; it is attended with no pains, and no sickness of stomach, perhaps, and gives the person no particular inconvenience. But it is this very diarrhoea which is insidiously preparing the system for the most dreadful onset of disease. Whenever the cholera is prevailing in any place, it should be a rule in every instance, to stop even the slightest diarrhoea immediately. For this we have a remedy always at hand. Opium, in some form or other, must be used immediately, and without delay. In the form of laudanum, perhaps it may be used most conveniently. At such times it should be found in every house; and the master of the family should give the strictest injunction to every inmate of his house, to give immediate notice if attacked with diarrhoea. In mild cases six drops of laudanum for an adult will be sufficient to check the disease. The dose should be repeated every four hours, until the diarrhoea is stopped. This is a most important direction. In severe cases of diarrhoea, a larger dose must be used, and the dose may be increased indefinitely without the least injury, so long as the effect of checking the diarrhoea is not produced. I have been called to prescribe in a great multitude of cases of cholera, in this incipient stage, and I have found every one of them to yield to this medicine. The prescription is one which our good brother Doctor Smith, left with his brethren in Turkey in anticipation of the cholera, when he was returning to America; and by the blessing of God I do believe it has saved thousands of lives. Our native brethren in Nicomedia and Broosa having been instructed on the subject by Dr. Smith, have been exceedingly useful as instruments of checking the disease in a great multitude of cases. Many even of their worst enemies among the Americans have flocked to them for this medicine, and having proved its virtues have become their best friends.

I have used with the best effects, in many severe cases, when there was much pain, and tendency to cramps, and coldness of extremities, a mixture of equal parts of Laudanum, Tincture of Rhubarb and Tincture of Camphor. Of this, eighteen drops may be given for an adult at a dose in mild cases, to be increased according to circumstances. Of all epidemic or contagious diseases none excites more general alarm, than the malignant cholera, and yet I know of none that gives such timely premonitions of its approach, and that is so perfectly under human control, (so to speak) as this is, in this early stage.

Of course, when there is a tendency to diarrhoea in cholera times, the strictest attention should be paid to diet, and fruits and crude vegetables should be carefully avoided. Wherever the cholera prevails, it has been found that most people are easily inclined to bowel complaints, and this is an indication that the diet of people generally should be regulated accordingly. A sudden change from a generous to a low diet in such circumstances has been found quite injurious. A person who is well should continue to eat very much as he has been accustomed to, except that most people, eat too much, as a general rule, and except that fruits and certain vegetables which at other times would be harmless, under the cholera atmosphere, are apt to produce diarrhoea.

I will close my communication, by giving you a few lines of the two or three, under many that have come under my own observation, to illustrate what I have said above. I was awakened one night about midnight by two of my own children—one 15 and the other 13 years of age.—They had both been suddenly attacked with diarrhoea and vomiting, accompanied with the severest pains, amounting almost to cramps in the stomach. The cholera was prevailing around, and, of course, I had the greatest reason for apprehension that this was a sudden attack of this disease. I administered immediately full doses of the mixture mentioned above, repeating it every two hours as long as the symptoms continued urgent. I gave also the oil of peppermint, and repeatedly applied the spirit of Camphor, with friction, to the region of the stomach. The next day they were both well again, excepting of course some debility from the preceding night's attack.—They had both eaten freely the day before of a dish of stringed beans, and I remarked that each upward evacuation of the stomach, brought with it some of those beans, in precisely the same state in which they had been eaten twelve hours before.

A European merchant of my acquaintance residing in Galata, arose one morning, and took a sea bath, as he was accustomed to do. He then attended to various matters of business, which required him to walk several miles back and forth in this city. He returned to his lodgings quite ill, sometime in the forenoon, and before night of the same day he was a corpse, having died of a most violent attack of cholera! This case was reported as one of death almost on the very first attack, but I ascertained, on inquiry, that this individual had been suffering with diarrhoea for eight or ten days previous!

A Protestant American was very violently attacked one night, with what his physician called "the most awful case of cholera he had ever witnessed." He died within twenty-four hours! The facts concerning the case however are these. He had had a similar attack two or three weeks previous, and had been cured, by the blessing of God on the remedies mentioned above. The day before his second attack, while he was still weak from the first, he walked many miles and became very much fatigued, and certain circumstances had also very much agitated his mind. He ate a hearty meal in the evening, partly of beans and meat, which no doubt was the immediate cause of the attack; and after the diarrhoea commenced, nothing was done to check it for several hours, and when, at last, a physician was called, it was too late!

Many who are esteemed temperate in these habits, will also fall. God designs this as his scourge upon the nations; and let it be our prayer that the nations may be led thereby to repentance. Of how many sins is our own nation guilty before God! and how little is thought of them, and felt for them, and how rarely are they confessed! Let us imitate the godly Ezra and Nehemiah in confessing, not only our own sins, but the sins of our people—of our whole country, and like them, let us plead with God for his pardoning mercies and that he will avert his threatened wrath from us.

I am happy to add that in some parts of Turkey, where the gospel is preached, the visitation of the cholera has been attended with the happiest spiritual results. Some who were dead in trespasses and sins have been awakened thereby; some enemies have been made friends; and the Holy Spirit is now evidently striving with the hearts of some who have heretofore shown the most stupid unconcern, in regard to the things of eternity. May such fruits abound more and more, through the working of God's mighty power.

I remain, Gentlemen,
very sincerely yours,
H. G. O. DWIGHT.

Baptists in Spanish Missouri.

In the temporary absence of the editor of the (St. Louis) Western Watchman, "J. M. P.," whom all the world understands to be John M. Peck, communicates a column of sketches of early Baptist history in Missouri. Mr. Peck is a perfect walking history, so far as the West is concerned, having visited times without number, its whole broad extent, and studied it these thirty-five or forty years. Added to this he has a memory wonderfully tenacious of persons and things, and a fund of good sense and good humor which puts him in communication with everybody wherever he goes. If he would write from memory what he knows of the West, he would not only make a book of great present interest, but furnish materials of great value to the future historian. He says:

Until some years after the country was annexed to the United States, Missouri (including Arkansas,) was called Upper Louisiana. Being under the government of Spain from 1675, the Roman Catholic was the established religion of the country, and none other Christian society was tolerated by the laws. Each emigrant was required to be *un bon Catholique*, as the French expressed it.

Yet, by the connivance of the commandants, and the use of a pious fiction, in the examination of the Americans, as emigrants from the United States and its territories were called, toleration in fact existed.

The manner of examining those who applied for settlement rights, was, to ask a few vague and general questions, which persons of almost any christian sect could freely answer: such as, "Do you believe in Almighty God? and in the Holy Trinity? in the true apostolic church? in Jesus Christ our Saviour? in the holy Evangelists?" and the like. An affirmative answer being given to these and other questions of a general character, the declaration from the commandant, "*Un bon Catholique*," would close the ceremony, and confirm the privilege of an adopted citizen.

would close the ceremony, and confirm the privilege of an adopted citizen.

A number of Protestant families, Baptists, Methodists, and a few Presbyterians, came into the country, and remained undisturbed in their religious principles. Itinerant ministers passed over from the settlements of Illinois, and preached in the log cabins of the early settlers unmolested, though they were sometimes threatened with imprisonment in the calabozo at St. Louis. Yet these threats were never executed.

A number of families of Baptists migrated from North Carolina and Kentucky, to Upper Louisiana, between 1794 and 1800, whose descendants are still living, some of whom can recollect the scenes we are narrating. Amongst these the names of Abraham and Sarah Musick, Abraham Musick and Terrel, his wife, Mrs. Sullens, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Whitley, Mr. Richardson and wife, are recollected, all of whom settled within the present boundaries of St. Louis county. Several of the Boone family were Baptists. David Darst, Wm. Hancock, and others, settled on the waters of Femme, Osage and Cuivre, north of the Missouri river.

The late Elder Thomas R. Musick, a Baptist preacher by the name of Brown, and more especially the late pious and rather eccentric John Clark, came across the Mississippi, visited and preached to these early pioneers, while living under Spanish domination. Elder John Clark was accustomed to make monthly excursions to these settlements, and their little meetings were quite refreshing to the pilgrim settlers, surrounded as they were by the laws and rites of Romanism.

In these times of restriction, Abraham Musick made application to M. Trudeau, the commandant at St. Louis, an officer quite friendly to Protestant emigrants, for liberty to have preaching at his house.—The commandant was inclined to grant favours to these Americans secretly, but compelled to refuse all such applications officially, replied, promptly, that such a petition could not be granted. "I mean," said the witty officer, "you must not put a bell on your house and call it a church, nor suffer any person to christen your children but the priest. But if any of your friends meet at your house, talk about religion, say your prayers, and worship God, you shall not be molested; provided you continue, as you now are, *un bon Catholique*." He knew their sentiments and practices; for when not acting officially, he had repeatedly conversed with Mr. Musick about his religious notions. He knew that as Baptists they could dispense with the rite of infant baptism, and could find their way to the place of meeting without the "sound of the church-going bell."

After this, Elder Clark made regular monthly visits, and made a series of appointments. The commandant would delay until his tour was nearly finished, and then send a threatening message, that if Monsieur Clark did not leave the Spanish country in three days, he would send him to the calabozo. This was the jail or prison in St. Louis, and customarily pronounced calabozo. This was repeated so many times as to become a standing joke with the preacher and his friends.

Elder Thomas R. Musick moved his family across the Mississippi soon after the treaty of Cession, in 1804. He was the first preacher of the gospel who brought his family to the country and became a permanent resident. He lived to a very advanced age, and died in Feeffe's creek settlement, in St. Louis county, but a few years since. In a subsequent article we shall give a sketch of his life and character.

Various circumstances retarded the organization of a church in this part of the territory until 1807, when the Baptists in this region were gathered and Feeffe's creek church was formed by David Badgley and William Jones, from Illinois, and Thomas R. Musick recognized as pastor. This church is now the oldest in this part of the State, has a good brick house of worship, is able and willing to sustain a pastor, and very desirous to obtain an efficient man, but are destitute.

Cape Girardeau and Scott counties was a field for Baptists in the olden time. A number of Baptist families came from Kentucky to this region, immediately after the "treaty of cession," as the annexation of the Louisiana country to the United States was called. A small Baptist church, called *Tyneapity*, was organized at the upper end of an alluvial bottom, of that name, and the site of the town of Commerce.—This was the first Christian church of any denomination organized in the territory west of the Mississippi. In 1805, a second church was formed in the present county of Cape Girardeau, called Bethel, near the town of Jackson. This church, in 1812, had two ministers and eighty members. It is now a small body, on anti-mission principles. A Baptist minister from the State of New York, by name of Green, preached in these churches in early times. We do not allude to Thomas P. Green, who came from Tennessee at a later period.

Altogether Lovely.

Patriarchs and prophets stand out against the horizon of their day, in broad and beautiful lines of distinction from the mass, models of excellence in particular departments of morals, patterns of individual virtues, and objects of universal admiration and praise, like the higher points of distant mountains lifting against the sky in clear, distinct outlines, wrapped in their garments of snow, enchanting the eye with their sunlit slopes and glittering summits, but revealing along up their sides many a dark line of shade, reminding us of the fearful chasms and deep ravines where beasts of prey may lurk in concealment. If we scan the New Testament in search of an exemplar, we find a mild, a loving and confiding John; an eager, ardent and impetuous Peter; a bold, unwearied, severely earnest, and deep-thinking Paul. But the more closely we study the example of either of these the more plainly we discover the shades of their individual temperaments—their mental and their moral idiosyncrasies.

The character of each has its elevations and depressions, its points of effulgence, and lines of shade. Not so with the character of Christ. In him every virtue is mature and proportional. Each trait harmonizes with all the others; the whole forming in combination a character of such exquisite symmetry and beauty as to constitute him "the brightness of the Father's glory"—the expression of his person. He stands out among all nations and through all time unequalled and matchless, comparable to no earthly object, but rising before us in such absolute perfection, in a manner so superior to all terrestrial imagery, or even human conception, that we can only adore and humbly aim to imitate him, and the closer the resemblance we attain, the more do we behold to fill us with wonder, and allure us to attainments yet nobler. No one virtue in him peers above its fellows, engrossing the attention of his followers, and betraying them into forgetfulness of others of equal importance. In him we may find all the mildness and affection of John, all the energy and ardor of Peter, all the boldness and assiduity of Paul, without the imperfections of either. No little fault, made luminous by surrounding excellencies, throws out its stolen luster to catch the eye and cheat the heart of the follower. A patriarch or a prophet, a Moses a David, or a Peter, might afford us comfort, and lessen our vigilance in future. A John or a Paul might lead us to cultivate some one virtue or more, to the exclusion of others.

But in Christ, our Saviour and example, we discover no defect, no excess, no misdeed, no parleying with temptation, never the minutest departure from perfect rectitude.—Prof. Robinson.

Profits of Orchards.

The past season has been remarkable for the inequality of the apple crop; for while in some parts of the country it has been a total failure, in others orchards have been uncommonly productive. Perhaps no where have they yielded more abundantly than in the western part of Wayne County, New York, and the adjacent region.—The following are not extraordinary examples, and all occurring within about one mile of the residence of the writer. On one farm, one acre of ground is occupied chiefly with large trees of the Rhode Island Greening. The product was two hundred barrels, after reserving a sufficient quantity for domestic use. The price was sixty-two and a half cents per barrel, and the aggregate amount one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Deducting twenty-five dollars for picking and carting to market on the Erie Canal, which is more than the actual cost, we have one hundred dollars for the net proceeds of a single acre. It would require but a small farm, at this rate, to yield a greater revenue than the salary of the Governor of the State.

On another farm, half a mile distant, there are four and a half acres of orchard, with vacancies nearly equal to one acre.—The proprietor sold six hundred and fifty barrels, for four hundred and six dollars, besides reserving a supply for his own use; which is very near the amount per acre in the former instance. In this orchard one tree of the Rhode Island Greening bore forty bushels; and two neighbors had each a tree of the same variety, the crop from each exceeding forty bushels, or ten dollars per tree.

Such profitable returns have caused a great variety of new orchards to be set out, in addition to many within a year or two past. But the market will not soon be glutted; for while a few only keep their newly planted orchards well manured, cultivated, the soil mellow, and the earth round the trees entirely free from grass, weeds, or any sown crop; the great majority plant out their trees in meadows, pastures, or grain fields, to be overrun with grass and weeds. A hill of corn thus treated would produce nothing; and the young trees, (which require as good treatment as corn,) make but little growth, if indeed they happen to live through the treatment they receive. Thus, instead of yielding a profitable return, as they might do in five years, they are not likely to bear much in less than fifteen or twenty. It is true that many who pursue this course, are not aware of the disadvantages under which they are working; although they expend twenty-five or thirty dollars for trees, they "can't anyhow afford" to take an agricultural or horticultural paper, which would show them a better way. This is, emphatically, wasting at the bung, in order to save at the tap.—Cultivator.

To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.

"Death," says Seneca, "falls heavy upon him who is too much known to others, and too little to himself."

It is remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred for the bad.

Our decays are as much the work of Nature, as the first principles of our being.—We die as fast as we live. Every moment abstracts from our duration on earth, as much as it adds to it.

The self-murderer ends his days in an act of abominable iniquity which he can never repent of.

Advertisements.

Monuments.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Marble Manufacturer, Hartford and Litchfield, Conn., would respectfully announce to the citizens of Hartford, and the public generally, that he has opened an establishment at 322 Main street, (directly opposite Union Hotel,) where he will manufacture at the lowest possible prices, all kinds of MONUMENTS and GRAVE STONES, of all kinds American and Foreign Marble, of the best Church Tablets, Chimney Pieces, Mantel, Centre Table, Pier, Bureau, and Counter Tops, of Egyptian, Italian, or any other kind of Foreign Marble, which may be preferred, executed at short notice, and in a superior style of workmanship.

All persons in want of any kind of work in the Marble line, are respectfully requested to call and examine his styles of workmanship before passing elsewhere. Monuments delivered to any yard in the city free of charge.

Dr. Blakeman's Pectoral Mixture, FOR CURE OF ASTHMA, COUGHS, LUNG AND LIVER AFFECTIONS.

WONDER AND BLESSING OF THE AGE. THIS medicine continues its onward course, healing and curing on every hand—Men, Women, and Children, are equally benefited. No Family ought to be without it. For sale by J. K. SOUTHWAY.

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Blank Books made to order. Old Books and Pamphlets bound in a neat and substantial manner. F. R. SLOCUM, N. B. Agents for Dr. Spear's Medicine.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY—FIRE AND MARINE. CAPITAL \$200,000. Office No. 8 Exchange Building, North of the State House, Hartford, will take Fire and Marine risks on terms as favorable as other Companies. Office open for the transaction of business at all times during the day and evening.

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DANIEL W. CLARK, President. WILLIAM COXNER, Secretary. Hartford, Jan. 1847.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office North side State House Square, between U. S. Hotel and Eagle Tavern.

THIS Institution is the oldest of the kind in the State having been established more than 30 years. It is incorporated with a capital of \$150,000, which is invested and secured in the best possible manner. Public Buildings, Churches, Dwellings, Stores, Merchandise, Furniture, Books, and personal property generally, from loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable and satisfactory terms.

The company will adjust and pay all claims with liberality and promptitude, and thus endeavor to retain the confidence and patronage of the public. Persons wishing to insure their property, who reside in any town in the United States, where this company has no Agent, may apply directly to the Secretary, and their proposals will receive immediate attention.

The following gentlemen are Directors of the Company: Eliphalet Terry, James Goodwin, S. H. Huntington, Charles Bowtell, H. Huntington, Henry Kenney, Albert Day, Wm. T. Lee, Dennis S. Morgan.

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ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY, INCORPORATED IN 1819, for the purpose of insuring against loss and damage by Fire only. Capital \$250,000, secured and vested in the best possible manner—offer to take risks on terms as favorable as other Offices.

The business of the Company is principally confined to risks in the country, and therefore so devalued that its capital is not exposed to great losses by sweeping fires. The Office of the Company is kept in its new Building, next west of Treat's Exchange Coffee House, State street, where constant attendance is given for the accommodation of the public.

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BAFAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

A SURE REMEDY FOR WORMS.

THIS preparation has now been before the public nearly twenty years. Its great intrinsic merits have steadily advanced the sale and use of it, and it now enjoys a prominent position in the public favor.

CERTIFICATE OF THE MAYOR OF THE CITY OF LANCASTER, PA. Lancaster City, July 3d, 1844.

Messrs. B. A. FARNESTOCK & Co., Gentlemen:—Several of the younger branches of my family laboring under symptoms indicating worms, induced the application of various remedies, and I am happy to say that your Vermifuge had the desired effect in one instance, removing the almost incredible number of 151 of the large worms from one patient, which in addition to its other tested qualities in my family, establish the efficacy of your Vermifuge as a sure cure.

M. CARPENTER, Mayor, Lancaster City.

UNPARALLELED IMPOSITION AND FROFERNITY. An individual named S. Farnestock has repeatedly asserted that the article which he calls "Dr. S. Farnestock's Vermifuge," is the same or equal to the Vermifuge prepared by me.

The public are assured that this is a BAFFALOE HOOD, and are hereby cautioned against being deceived by the spurious article with mine. It is entirely different in its composition, and does not possess the virtues and powers of my preparation.

B. A. FARNESTOCK. For sale in Hartford by HARVEY SEYMOUR, W. BUTLER & Co., and other respectable druggists and by one agent in every town in the State.

B. A. FARNESTOCK & Co., Proprietors, No. 49 John-st., New York.

Physician and Surgeon. J. C. JACKSON, M. D., late of Philadelphia, respects fully offers his services to the citizens of Hartford and vicinity. Having enjoyed the advantages of the extensive practice of Pennsylvania Hospital, Wills Hospital, and several Dispensaries in that city, he feels competent to treat disease in any of its forms.

Office Union Hall Building, Main street, where he may be found during the night. Sept. 17, 1847.

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BY JOSEPH B.

Some forty years a-

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